

The Evening World

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The Dancing Bear

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel

Fifty Boys and Girls Famous in History

By Albert Pavson Terhune

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No. 43—ROBERT FULTON, the Boy Inventor.

AN eleven-year-old Pennsylvania boy came to school very late one morning in 1776. The schoolmaster ordered him to come forward and take a whipping in punishment for his tardiness.

"I come to school to get something hammered into my brain, not into my body. Here is a present."

He laid on the desk a handful of lead pencils. Since the outbreak of the American Revolution the school had suffered sharply for lack of pencils, as none were manufactured in that region.

"Where did you get these?" he demanded.

"I made them," was the answer. "I can make you as many more as you want. I was late because I stopped to finish this batch."

The boy was Robert Fulton. He was the prodigy of his quiet Pennsylvania town. The other lads nicknamed him "Quicksilver Bob," from his swiftness of wit and his lightning changes of occupation.

For example, when July Fourth, 1778, drew near, an order was issued forbidding the town's inhabitants to waste precious candles in illuminating their houses for Independence Day.

Even before this he had learned to dabble in art. He had a craving to become a painter. As his parents were not well off and as the Revolution prevented the shipping of paints from England, he evolved crude colors and dyes for himself.

A young English officer quartered in the town had some reputation as an artist. Robert introduced himself to the officer. The latter was persuaded to give the boy lessons in painting.

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The Conestoga River flowed near the Fulton home. Robert and the other boys used to pole a clumsy raft along its surface, being too poor to buy a boat.

He drew plans for a boat such as had never been seen there, and he set his companions to building it.

The result was a light skiff, square at both ends. In the centre was a crank, connected with two sets of paddle-wheels, one at each side.

One boy turned the crank, while a second, with a steering oar, sat in the stern. On its prow was painted in large letters the name "George Washington."

More than one person in that crowd stood on the Hudson's banks, many years later, when Robert Fulton's first steamboat was launched—the steamboat whose invention was to change the naval history of the world.

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AN ANNIVERSARY RECKONING.

LET all the world put a mark on its calendar for this day—Jan. 27, 1917—for in the Judgment Book of Life it is an anniversary date of a personage of supreme importance.

What kind of a mark you should make, whether a cross of black sorrow or a circle of triumph, remains for individual selection—each to his own choice.

On this day fifty-eight years ago, in the year 1859, was born William of Hohenzollern, future King of Prussia and German Emperor, the man who unsheathed the sword of world war.

All other horrors, all other losses of life and property, all other suffering and sacrifice, all other misery and sorrow that history records fall into insignificance compared to this ghastly conflict that upsets the peace and the happiness of everybody.

Just 911 days have elapsed since Aug. 1, 1914, when Germany declared war on Russia and inaugurated the period of unparalleled destruction.

Just 911 days have passed since the Kaiser, from the balcony of his palace, announced to anxious crowds of his people: "A fateful hour has fallen for Germany. The sword has been forced into our hands. And now I commend you to God."

Of the thousands who heard and the thousands more who read this benediction of the world's last hour of peace, uncounted numbers lie in unmarked graves. Not all of them, probably not half of them, were slain by shot and shell.

The bottom of the sea holds victims of appalling disasters, belligerent and neutral alike. The cities of Belgium, the plains of Poland, the mountains of the Balkans contain in vast tombs slaughtered innocents who were crushed under the Juggernaut of War.

Historians of the future, statesmen of nations yet to rise, philosophers looking back on our desolate days will dispute the responsibility for the era of needless horror.

It is worth while for us now to mark this day on the calendar of time—to make a mark even though only for speculation what might have happened if the hand had rejected the sword; of what the world might have been if there was no such anniversary as this in the Almanach de Gotha.

For every one of the 911 days of war ten thousand lives have been sacrificed or shattered.

What a reckoning for birthday reflection and thoughts of peace!

When thieves fall out honest men get their dues. But what a time for thieves when prosecuting officials of New York County fall out.

UP GO PRICES AGAIN.

READ, milk and beef all increased in price during the past week in New York, raising the already high altitude of quotations.

For practically every commodity of farm raising and factory production, prices are now at highest average levels of the century.

No. 1 cash wheat in this city today was quoted at \$2.18 per bushel, an increase of 62 cents over a year ago. The Evening World's market expert reports talk of \$3 wheat coming.

Within a year flour has increased in price \$2.60 per barrel, beef 7 cents per pound and mutton 12 cents. In mill products, foundry iron is up \$12 per ton, while steel billets at \$65 per ton have nearly doubled in price.

Commissioner Hartigan sagely observes, "The high cost of living cannot be settled merely by agitation or passing resolutions," so it is up to some modern Solomon to tell the poor public what to do.

Some people are dancing on profits, but everybody has to help pay the piper.

SELLING B. R. T. SERVICE.

WHEN corporations learn that there is more lasting profit in selling service than in selling stock a new era of mutually happy relations will be established.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has awakened to the fact and is instructing its employees into the mysteries of traffic salesmanship and courtesy, which indeed is worthy of commendation.

But all the art of salesmanship and grace of courtesy cannot successfully palm off on the public shopworn goods and inferior service.

In competitive commercial business the buyer makes his choice of rival offerings. Under a transportation monopoly he is compelled to take what is tendered him or go without.

If the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is to live up to this new standard it has proclaimed, then it must offer to the public only first class goods and service of the highest quality. Anything less will be a fraud imposed on helpless patrons.

Letters From the People

Your Proposition Has Nothing to Do With the Case; B Wins.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Would you be kind enough to settle the following: A says that the United States Government will not buy shells or guns from any firm in the United States that works its employees over eight hours a day. B says that it will buy from anybody that bids the lowest, regardless of length of time that employees work.

Friday. To the Editor of The Evening World: Let me know what day of the week Jan. 26, 1872, fell on.

Monday. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that the Sultan ruler is President of all the states in Europe.



Joe Paul

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Value of Personality in Business.

"TO achieve success," said a prosperous merchant who is noted for the breadth of his interests, "two factors are necessary: first, a thorough knowledge of your business, and second, a complete understanding of men. I don't know which should be rated higher. Too many people assume that the first is all that is required. This despite the fact that not a day passes that does not witness the promotion of some genial, courteous chap who, perhaps, is not an expert in his line, over the head of a crabbled crank who, by any test of sheer knowledge, would easily defeat his successful rival.

"The ability to get along with people—what an asset it is! One of the most conspicuous successes of our day, George W. Perkins, possesses this power to an extreme degree. Even J. P. Morgan, who was not distinguished for his sweet disposition, promptly succumbed to the charm of Perkins's personality.

"Of course personality alone will not get you far. But neither will ability. Personality coupled with ability—there's an invincible combination.

"Have I made it clear, I wonder, that I am using the word 'personality' as synonymous with 'a complete understanding of men'?" If one grasps human nature and is anxious to make a favorable impression he will succeed in making his listener feel pleased with himself and, at the same time, will not descend to crude flattery. That is what people call 'personality.'

"Too often consciousness of ability is accompanied by ill-disguised conceit. That is the handicap under which many competent men labor. If you want to score a success study methods. You've got to be able to deliver the goods. But study men, too. To find a purchaser of your ability is often as difficult as to find it. The man who studies men finds it easy to market his brains at a good price."

No In Both Cases. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is the word "feller" grammatically correct in the following sentence: "Return enclosed card to-day for fuller information." Is the word "feller" used as an adjective in the English language? A. I. D.

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Fables of Everyday Life

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Mrs. Tell.

ONCE upon a time there was a happily married couple. The husband was successful in business and gave his wife everything her heart could wish.

As he continued to prosper she shared all his prosperity. In the summer she had nice trips, and when he could leave his wife would join her.

They dined out and went to the theatre together. They were very companionable, and in short each wanted the other to enjoy life.

She had a number of women friends and attended card parties and teas in the afternoon, and when she was a little late getting home to dinner, he was there waiting, unrepentant and glad that she had had a good time.

On his part he had his men friends and when he had to stay out in the evening on business or to go to a fraternity meeting, she understood and there was no whining about it.

In a word, this couple knew the principle of "give and take," and their married life was deemed an ideal one.

Now, it came to pass that a friend of the wife, Mrs. Tell, was in a fashionable restaurant to lunch one day. There she saw the husband lunching with a young woman.

He did not see her and so she just "took in" everything in connection with the two.

"Aha!" she thought, "here is model husband caught on the sly." What a joyous morsel of gossip!

She almost smacked her lips in anticipation of how she would surprise a few people by the tale.

Now Mrs. Tell, as stated, was a good friend of the wife. In fact, she was one of her very, very best friends. Therefore she deemed it her most sacred duty to "put the wife wise." So she went to her, saying something like this:

"Now, my dear, of course I think this is for your own good, and I hope you won't feel hurt at me! But some things are going on behind your back and I think you ought to know about them."

"It's a perfect shame how you have been deceived, you poor, poor dear."

She then related the luncheon affair and told in minute detail the color of "her" hair and eyes; the sable trimmed gown she wore, and how Friend Husband was all attention, leaning over the table to catch everything that flowed from the rosy lips, &c., &c.

Then she left with great solicitation, and urged the wife to call on her if she could help in any way, because, as she explained, "Men are such deceitful things and women should stick together."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

AND what do you think of them raising some of them cabarets?" asked Fred, the sporting barber, as he paused in his hair cutting operations to let Mr. Jarr sneeze.

"I guess they're not going to bother the good ones," said Mr. Jarr.

"They're charging you a dollar for 'covers,'" said the tonorial artist. "I see some of the theatrical managers are kicking. They say the only thing in the shape of a 'lover' at a cabaret is the napkins, and that charge is practically the price of admission. Well, why don't the theatrical managers put automat slots on the back of the orchestra chairs and send the handsome waiter around in the galleries? If cabarets can serve shows with food, theatrical managers can serve food with shows."

"It's a good idea," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Yes; it's wonderful what ideas I have, and me a barber," remarked Fred. "I know you're deep to everything. Whatcha think? If they get after the cabarets they'll ease up on the airtight crap joints and stuss games, won't they?"

Mr. Jarr said he didn't think so.

"Oh, I guess you got info, but you ain't passing it around loose," said the sporting barber. "Get anything good on any killing that's going to be pulled off on any of them Southern tracks? A guy in the know, like you are, ought to smear around a little knowledge, you know. Every little helps to keep the honest roller off the bread line."

Mr. Jarr's only excursion into the world of sports merely embraced an occasional shaking of dice at Gus's forbidden retreat, but it flattered him to be taken as an authority on life in the underworld. "The word is still around to lay off," he remarked sentimentally.

"I thought so," remarked the sporting barber. "I noticed them handbooks around here has been so tight you couldn't drive a darned needle into 'em with a sledge. I tried to coax a memory broker to take me for five bucks on Chilton King at New Orleans. He said his sheet was full, and I see Chilton King win at 18 to 1. I bet that jobbie had the info, and was playing that baby himself. I told him so the next day, but the gink says No. He says he had made a Dutch book the week before and had to coax himself that he was on a diet, he had so little money left for eats."

Mr. Jarr knew enough of the verbiage of the Sport of Kings to realize that a Dutch book was one in which

the bookmaker had figured his odds wrong and lost money when he had to cash, no matter what horse won.

"Washington is going dry," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Maybe if Washington goes dry the 'leaks' will stop," said the sporting barber. "Say, that wheeze ain't so worse. I see cheater ones in them literary columns with poetry the sporting writers fill their pages with. That stuff's bum dope, though. D'ya think this Les Darcy, the Australian boxer, is the goods? Fred Fulton's too heavy for him or that French carpenter—what?"

"Carpenter," said Mr. Jarr, wondering whether he could spell it correctly or had pronounced it right.

"Well, there's been a lot of graft in boxing in this town, and they say there was graft in Basel last season," remarked the barber sagely. "Everybody has a mitt stretched out so far for the easy money these days that I'm wondering if even barginary is an honest business any more. Next!"

Mr. Jarr paid for his hair out, with added blood money to the eloquent artist, and departed.

"Was that jobbie a race track tout?" asked a listening customer.

"Him?" replied the sporting barber, who liked to brag of his prominent patrons. "Why, no; that's one of the smartest international crooks that ever made a simp for his bankroll!"

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

ACCORDING to Senator Borah and other statesmen who are again the Administration, President Wilson appears to advocate casting loose from the principles of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe," remarked the head polisher.

"The principles of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe have served as bull on material for a great many agile patriots who see in every big question an opportunity to play politics," said the laundry man.

"The passionate fervor with which Senator Borah and other Republicans in the Congress are extracting the principles of Thomas Jefferson ought to bring smiles to the faces of the marble statues in the great rotunda of the Capitol.

"Without denying the wisdom and almost uncanny foresight of the fathers of our republic, the fact remains that they have been a long time dead. They never dreamed of the steamship, wireless telegraphy, submarines, aeroplanes, electric lights, trolley cars or the movement of vehicles through any motive power other than that furnished by horses.

"The Father of Our Country and Thomas Jefferson were distinguished for their common sense. Were they to come back here now it is more probable that they would listen to the counsel of the President than try to dictate to him. But there haven't been many intellects like those of G. Washington and T. Jefferson in this country in the past 100 years and there has been a particular scarcity of them in the Congress recently.

"Our country is too big and important to stand by protest and allow the world to develop conditions which may result to our disadvantage. In the near or remote future, President Wilson realizes the fact. He has thrown a white cloth on the great game of diplomacy which has just opened and will eventually end this way: When the game is closed he will be entitled, on behalf of the United States of America, to call for a showdown."

"What do you think of the proposal to raise \$10,000,000 by putting a tax on every ticket of admission to a theatre, moving picture house or amusement enterprise of any sort?" asked the head polisher.

"It's another step in the direction of the up-Stater's idea of Utopia in which he would get any tax bills at all when he would get any tax bills at all."

"Of course, if the theatre are taxed the amusement purveyors will promptly pass the tax on to the public. The talented statesman who fathered the proposal says that as New York pays 80 per cent of the taxes of the State, the city would contribute \$5,000,000 of the \$10,000,000. Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Troy and other considerable State cities would pay the balance. The country districts, having no theatres, would pay nothing at all."

"The Calvary Squad!"

"I see!" said the head polisher. "That the experiment of feeding policemen for 25 cents a day has been demonstrated a success."

"Why shouldn't it be a success?" asked the laundry man. "The United States Government has been feeding its soldiers on from 27 to 30 cents per day per man for many years and dealing out regular food lots."

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